



One Night



👁 33 ✓ 1 ★ 4

Chapter 1 by Darkforest

I woke to pure darkness. I blinked a couple of times to let my eyes filter out, but felt my eyelashes rub against a fabric over my eyes.

I started to pull my hand up, but was stopped short by something restraining my arm. I reached up with my other arm, but was stopped short again. I slid my wrist around in circles focusing on what was around my wrist.

Rope.

My head snapped up to the sound of foot prints outside my door. The door creaked open and I listened as foot steps came closer to me. I felt hands behind my head probably undoing what was a blindfold.

I thrashed at the touch and struggled to move.

"It's okay Aliya it's me," I heard my mothers voice sniffle.

Has she been crying?

"Mom, whats going on, why am I blindfolded and tied up," I said with confusion.

My mother removed the blindfold from my face and and four men..No.. teenagers were

standing behind her. One hit her in the back of the head with a gun and she fell to the floor.

"Mom!" I shouted.

"What did you do to my wife!" Someone yelled from the other side of the room.

My head whipped around.

"Oh look, the old mans up," one of the boys said.

I looked from the boys to my mother laying limp on the floor.

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The one closest to me leaned forward and stared intently into my eyes.

He switched his gaze to my mother and gestured for the others to take her to the other chairs sitting in the corner next to my dad.

"Don't you dare touch my daughter!" My dad yelled into the darkness of the room.

He started to cut my hands loose from the rope but I began to thrash wildly. He grabbed for my hands and dragged me off my bed. I flailed wildly kicking at his face and neck.

"Enough!" he boomed as he slapped me across the face. I stared at him in shock of what he just did.

"Aliya? Are you okay!" My dad shouted and tried bucking from his chair while the other three held him down.

"Sedate him again." The one standing over me said calmly. He reached in his pocket and tossed a syringe at the others holding my dad down.

I quit struggling, the shock of all this was too much.

The teenager transferred me from the ground to the chair and bound my hands all over again.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked while frantically looking around. I glanced at my dad who had gone limp just like my mother.

Once he was done tying my hands the boys all gathered in the middle of the room.

The one who seemed to be the leader stepped up to me and whispered,

"We do what was done to us. The tortured becomes the torturer." He chuckled and took a knife out from his pocket and stepped toward me.

"What does that mean?" I yelled at him.

"It means you're going to feel a lot of pain tonight." He smiled.

And plunged the knife into my palm

Chapter 2 by a bundle of tantrums (inactive)



I screamed in agony as the knife hit my palm.

He dragged it up following my wrinkle lines,
at that point I was on the verge of blacking out.

He kissed me lightly and said

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"Night, night, to escape you must commit suicide."

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